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The Epaulet is pleased to present these poems by Elizabeth Binford, wife of Julien Binford of the Art Department.

Christmas on Caroline Street

*A shredded light came to the sill's display,
the disowned cry of the reach.
the cashclawed reach for the wreath's pierced bloom
and the grapple and bing of the till
where the street was a whore with a gospelling gait
and the poor born child was on the sill
where the street was a witch at a birthing wake.*

*The witch came to the birthing sill
with her flaming warts of gold.
She ate the heart of the poor born child,
she drained the snow of his throat.*

*She spat him for dead in a locked yellow yard.
A Goth clapper hung to the ghost of a bell.
No one but me begged the realm unrung.
The clapper snapped the belt of the earth.
The wound was sold for a clinging to coin.*

*I locked the still toy in its nailed wood chest
pressed from the March of a marrowed swamp.
I saw my lord's coat on the clerk's grey bone.
I hid where the nun would send me to bed.
I cried for the child of wax,
the wick of a soul so used.*

*In the crypt,
I found the damask, the lamb,
the mortar of races delivered to my legend.
Thick fugitive spenders swoll the ranks of their shadows.
Organs were pumped like cleft hulls engulfed.
I was swung in the lace of the beadle's shin.
I lay in the melting with the trodden sun.
The hurt ran Noel to a flaying chime.
Souls fetched their eyes from a wind's bled pulp.
(Angel coveys were hatched.)*

*I went from the shops to the city's bridge.
Through the bulbous glee and the mongered stars
stained effigies bounced and cast a daring
on the white roots of life in life plunging.*

*I went to the saltless meadows.
The slaps of winter were hard.
A transparent road pocked with pelf
lured the cross squander to its mazy hope.*

*A pool was there frozen.
On its plate of thick jewels
a blow of ashes mounted.*

*There a cedar embroidered in blue
was dusting the trace of love's patient days.
It was hushing a grieving at the brink of the past
and it clung to the crust of the earth,
it clung to the crust of the earth.*

*A heart drove by, coveting again and again.
The skin on the river shone
where the hairy isles loosened their loam
to roll the child of wax,
roll the still toy in its nailed wood chest
back to the watch of a fathering star
on a creature's wake at her sovereign nest,
on the snow of a child of her marrowed swamp,
with her on the white of her wedded star,
in the gleam of child,
alone.*

The Little Fat Chest

When the little fat chest
with a shying jounce
will goggle and swell
for the shirted reap,
for the trapper's bone
and the milker's night
and the honer's smoothing,
skin and winter,
the world will burst
like every while
on the powdered star
and the sawmill belt
and the pit's red bolt
and the Mary shift
where the kettled kindle
and the childing sheet
and the midnight knuckle
of the man's healed hand
and the gone squashed sun
of the gun's wet burn
will cool the coals
of the darling night
when the pitch black sky
will sleep.

Elizabeth Binford



Jeremiah swept the dust from the faculty conference room out into the hall, arranging it into a neat triangle with his broom. That looked nice—grey dust on green squares. He'd leave it there for a while. It was time to polish the plaque anyway. Wednesday. Always on Wednesday Jeremiah polished the plaque. Mr. Greeber had said once a week wasn't necessary, but Jeremiah didn't mind. He did it on his lunch hour. It was a beautiful plaque, and he almost felt as if it belonged to him.

The varnished black door swung closed when Jeremiah came out of the closet with the polish. It made such a hollow sound in the hall, like when he sang:

Fair Sandra died December last,
Since then my doors been bolted
fast;

I hang my head by the fireside
A-weeping for my cold dead
bride—

No more will we go catchin' blue-
flies.

He liked the way that looked in the air after he'd sung it; it floated all the way to the ceiling and spread out like smoke. Such a lonely sound, especially the "blue-flies" sound that hung on till the last second.

It was good that he could make lonely sounds, because he *was* lonely. He didn't like working down on the basement floor, where hardly anybody came. Just a few tired looking men and women that came to the conference room once in a while. It was lonely. They were the ones that had gotten him put down here, he'd bet; in fact, he was pretty sure, pretty darn sure it was them. Especially that one with the little beard and the bird's eyes. He always looked at Jeremiah funny when he went past. Well, Jeremiah had to take it, but he didn't have to like it.

It didn't matter anyway. It was

time to polish the plaque. That always made him forget everything else. It was a beautiful golden plaque the color of honey when you set it down and put your eye to the top of the jar. It was a picture of Mr. Brammelbauer holding his head sideways; and Mr. Brammelbauer was dead now. But even though Jeremiah had never met him, he felt like they'd gotten to be friends, since he'd started polishing Mr. Brammelbauer's face every Wednesday. It was so nice to do something nice for somebody who would just sit still and let you be nice to them; it was like having a pet almost, only a pet that never got sick and died. Mr. Brammelbauer might be dead but his face was right there on the plaque, and the face never cried or said mean things.

He'd learned to read the words under his face, too: "Ask first the question that is at your feet." That was what it said, and then under it his name and the years he had been alive. Every time Jeremiah polished the words, he thought about that. Ask first the question that is at your feet, that seemed reasonable enough. And since he and Mr. Brammelbauer had become friends, Jeremiah started thinking about what that meant. He thought since they were friends and that was the only thing the face ever told him to do, he ought to start thinking about doing it, if he could. After a lot of Wednesdays he decided that Mr. Brammelbauer meant, don't start fooling around with wondering a lot of things that you'll never have to worry about. Think about the questions right around you first. Jeremiah hadn't had any questions at first. He only had one for a long time, and it wasn't a very good one. It was, Why don't lime lifesavers taste like limes? And What do they put in it if they don't put limes in it? And If they put something else in it, why do they call it

lime?" But he had a feeling Mr. Brammelbauer wouldn't have liked that question.

Mr. Brammelbauer had been a smart man when he was alive. Somebody had named this building after him for being so smart. One of the other men had told him that Mr. Brammelbauer had done some kind of very smart thing with some mice. Jeremiah decided that that was just to tease him, though. Everybody knew Jeremiah hated to see mice hurt.

Fair Sandra died December last,
Since then my doors been bolted
fast;

I hang my head by the fireside,
A-weepin for my cold dead bride—
No more will we go catchin blue-
flies.

What happens to the sound of "blue-flies" when it fades away? No, that wasn't a very good question either. He could hear the feet of the students coming in upstairs from lunch.

Yes, He hated to see mice hurt, and that was why he was down here. It just didn't seem fair, that just because he didn't want little animals tortured who couldn't speak for themselves, they should put him down here, where nobody ever came except just to run up the stairs from the side door, and where all he heard mostly was feet tromping over his head and his own self whistling and singing. He used to work up on the top floor. One day he was sweeping the hall, though; and he looked in one of the classrooms. That jumpy little man with the bird-eyes was hurting a little mouse in a cage. He was giving the little mouse electric shocks with a battery and all the students were sitting around writing down what the mouse did. The poor little thing wasn't doing much; he didn't know anything, just that there was a bird-eyed man hurting him. The mouse kept trying and trying to crawl out of the cage but they'd

shut the door.

Jeremiah had heard his broom handle hit the floor as he ran into that room. He didn't know what he'd done in there to help the mouse get away, or what he'd said. But it must have been bad, because right away he'd been moved down to this lonely hall. Mr. Greeber kept reminding him that the next time he went up on the top floor he'd lose his job. His job now was sweeping the hall and the conference room and cleaning the men's room. And polishing the plaque, which was the only part he liked. He liked pretty things, not ugly things. Oh, and watching the girl students run up the stairs from the side door. That was pretty, when they had on stockings and shoes with heels. They looked nice then, like little animals—maybe deer. And their feet clicked like hooves on the steps. They always got mad if they saw him watching, though.

There was a rumbling noise in the alley beside the building. Jeremiah ran to the side door; he guessed it was a bus. Right! That big green bus they always used for trips. It was going to be dangerous and slippery in that alley for a big bus. There was ice and snow all over—.

Snow! He'd forgotten all about that! He had a question, sure enough. A question about something around him, that he could ask himself. It wasn't his, but one of his friends had given it to him a long time ago, and he'd forgotten about it. Paul, his friend that they used to let him play checkers with in the afternoon at the institution. Paul was smart, very smart—even as smart as Mr. Brammelbauer probably. Paul used to say, "*Ou sont les neiges de hier*," all the time. Sometimes it was the only thing he'd say for a long time, for days. Jeremiah asked him and asked him what it meant; and one day Paul told him and he never forgot it. It meant, What happens to the snow when it melts? That was a beautiful question;

Paul was very smart. The doctors said one time when they thought Jeremiah wasn't listening that Paul was a paranoid. But Jeremiah didn't know what that meant and he was afraid to ask. He just imagined it was something very nice.

The driver of the bus was getting out, and coming in. Jeremiah went back to polish the plaque one last time, so he wouldn't look as if he were nosey. The driver was going to say something to him, though.

"That the men's room, Bud?"

"Yes." He waited till the driver was gone. "Bud."

What happens to the snow when it melts. That was a hard question. But he thought, he just thought, he knew. Since he'd been working down on the bottom floor, he'd noticed that every time it snowed, the water from the spigots in the men's room was muddy as soon as the snow started melting. Couldn't the answer be, the snow when it melts makes the water muddy in the men's room? He would try it out on Mr. Brummelbauer's face.

Standing at attention in front of the plaque, the broom-handle resting on his foot, he began:

Question: "Where does the snow go when it melts?"

Answer: "Down to the men's room to make the water muddy in the spigots."

Mr. Brummelbauer didn't look displeased, but the bus driver did. He was coming out of the men's room.

"Talking to yourself, Bud?"

"No. . . . Where are you going today?"

"Abnormal psychology classes are going to Briarmoor to look as crazy people today."

"Briarmoor?"

"Yeh. If you see any of the boys with liquor, tell 'em not to bother to get on the bus. I'm gonna kick 'em off as soon as I see it."

"Briarmoor?"

The driver looked mad. He slapped

him on the back. "Don't talk to yourself, Bud."

He was gone. The students were coming down the stairs to the side door now, to get on the bus. Briarmoor — Briarmoor. He knew that name. They certainly were making a lot of noise. He never could think when those feet were tromping. He didn't even feel like looking at the girls. They were almost all out, now; and the driver was yelling at them to hurry. Briarmoor—Now the bus was starting again with an even louder roar. He could hardly think.

Oh, Briarmoor! That was where Paul was! That was where he'd played checkers with Paul! If only he could get one of the students to tell Paul, if they saw him. That Jeremiah knew where the snow went. That would show Paul he wasn't the *only* smart one around. Two boys were just running out the door, and Jeremiah followed them, waving his broom.

"Tell Paul—tell Paul that Jeremiah knows where the snow goes—."

But they were only staring at him, and then they looked mad. Maybe they were from the mouse-torturing class. They were gone now, onto the bus; the door shut like a hippopotamus' jaw, sideways. Jeremiah leaned out into the cold wind, waving the broom.

"Tell Paul I know—."

But it was no use. Someday he'd just have to go back and tell Paul himself. In the meantime, he certainly was lonely, even with Mr. Brummelbauer. He could always sing, though.

Fair Sandra died December last,
Since then my doors been bolted
fast;

I hang my head by the fireside
A-weepin for my cold dead
bride—

No more will we go catchin blue-
flies.

Spread out on the ceiling, just like
smoke.

*Light candles on tables, of food, Ying Tsung,
Let us stand in the bright moonlight.
Watch closely the path from the moon, Ying Tsung,
For visitors come tonight.*

*It is Cheyuen Cheya today, Ying Tsung,
The family all are here,
We are waiting for fairest Ta Ne, Ying Tsung,
The hour of coming is near.*

*In long robe of cow herder he met her, Ying Tsung,
Lightest silks wore the wealthy Ta Ne.
But the inner hearts loved at first glance, Ying Tsung,
You will see them on bright milky way.*

*Ta Ne's father he soon saw their love, Ying Tsung,
That venerable father so grand.
Made them promise never to meet, Ying Tsung,
The promise was sealed with clasped hands.*

*Ta Ne loved her father so dear, Ying Tsung,
But loved Nio Long all the more,
So she met Nio Long once again, Ying Tsung,
So she met him on crystal lake shore.*

*A promise dishonored is grave, Ying Tsung,
They defied Ta Ne's father so grand.
A promise dishonored was found, Ying Tsung,
Promise sealed by the clasp of the hand.*

*They were judged by the fairest Tien Ho, Ying Tsung,
She's the ruler of fairies, their queen.
To Moon Palace she sent sweet Ta Ne, Ying Tsung,
Nio Long wouldn't see her again.*

*Nio Long, how he grieved with a silence, Ying Tsung!
He suffered with strange quiet pain.
Ta Ne cried for long nights in Moon Palace, Ying Tsung,
Tien Ho let them meet once again.*

*Once they meet on the path to the moon, Ying Tsung,
Once a year do they love as of then.
Tonight, they will meet near the moon, Ying Tsung,
On earth's path to the moon, cloudy thin.*

*Once they meet on the path to the moon, Ying Tsung,
Fix them food for their journey is long.
Light the candles and watch, my little Ying Tsung,
For this is the end of my song.*



(This is a story from Sandy Walters' creative writing project—Children's literature.)

CIRCUS SCUFF

Sandy Walters '61

Scuff is a circus clown. That is, his father is a clown, but Scuff likes to pretend that he is one, too. Sometimes, his father lets him put on baggy pants, a funny hat, and a fake red nose. Then, Scuff can march around the big tent just like the other clowns. But usually when Scuff gets dressed up and walks around, the big top is very empty, and there are not any people to watch him and laugh at him. You see, Scuff is too young to be a real clown, so he can only play in the tent where there isn't a show.

Scuff and his father, Blimp, have always lived with the circus; at least they've always lived there ever since Scuff can remember. And Blimp lived with the circus when he was a boy and his father, too, was a clown.

Sometimes, as they sit on the steps of their trailer, Blimp tells his son about the way the circus was before Scuff was born.

"The circus was big then, Scuff-boy, and we played all the famous cities in the country. You should have seen all the people who came to watch us. Of course, there were lots more animals and stuff then. Why, one time we had twelve elephants travelling with us, and other animals besides. And there were six clowns, too, 'stead of the two we've got now. Scuff-boy, you just should have seen it!"

But now, the circus is small. It only goes to small towns, and not too many people come to see it. There aren't too many animals any more, either—only two elephants, one tiger, a bear who does tricks, and a rather old lion named Gruff. And there are only two clowns—Scuff's father and Red, a clown who always wears a floppy red wig.

But Scuff doesn't mind if the circus is small. He loves it and still, more than anything else in the world, wants to be a clown.

But every time he asks his father when he'll be old enough to be a clown, Blimp just grins and says, "You just grow up first, Scuff-boy, and soon you'll be a clown."

So, Scuff grins back, and goes off to see what new adventures he can find while he's waiting to grow up to be a clown.

There are a lot of things for a small boy to do at the circus. Sometimes, he helps take care of the animals, by carrying water and food to them. And he always has errands to run for his father and the other circus people. Once in awhile, he can help sell tickets, but that's only when there's a bigger than usual crowd. But the job he has to do most often is to find Red's floppy red wig. It seems that Red loses his wig at least twice every day, and Scuff has to find it.

"After all," Red always tells him, "it wouldn't do for a clown named Red not to have his red wig, would it? So, go find it for me, Scuff, all right?"

So, whenever the floppy red wig is lost, Scuff goes to find it. Once in awhile, he finds it right away, but mostly, he has to look everywhere for it. One time he found it on a chair in a corner of the tent, and one time he found it hanging from a peg in the ticket stand. And one time he even found it in Gruff's cage where the old lion was busily chewing it. But as Gruff is an old lion and doesn't have too many teeth left, he wasn't doing too much damage. And when Scuff finally finds the wig, he runs back to Red with it. The clown always grins, flops the wig back on his head, and gives the boy a piece of candy.

One day, though, when Scuff went to look for the red wig, he couldn't find it anywhere. He looked in the ticket stand and in the tent. He even thought it might be in Gruff's cage, but it wasn't. So, he had to go back to Red and tell him that his red wig was really lost this time. Red was very sad, and didn't look at all like a happy clown.

"What am I going to do without my floppy red wig, Scuff? I can't be a clown without the wig. He looked all around the circus grounds, and then went down the road.

Pretty soon, it was time for the show to start, but Red hadn't returned. Blimp was walking up and down, waiting for Red to get back. Scuff had gotten dressed up in baggy pants, a funny hat, and a fake nose, just as he always did when he was pretending to be a clown.

"If Red doesn't get back, can I be a clown tonight, Dad, can I?" the boy asked eagerly, "I watch him every night, and I know what he has to do. Please, Dad, can I?"

The boy danced around and jumped up and down to show Blimp

what a good clown he'd make.

"Okay, Scuff-boy, I guess it's time you learned about being a real clown, Blimp said. "If Red doesn't get back in time, you can be a clown."

Scuff was very excited, especially when the other clown didn't return in time for the show. That night the circus had two clowns just as it always did, but one of them was a small boy. Scuff had a wonderful time being a clown. He danced and turned cartwheels. He even made funny faces while he was playing tunes on a toy trumpet. The people all watched him and laughed at him. And after the show was over, Blimp told his son that he was a fine clown, and that if Red didn't come back, Scuff could be a real clown and perform every day.

"Oh boy, I'm a real clown, with people to watch and laugh at me!" Scuff was so excited that he turned cartwheels, and even stood on his head. Then he ran to tell all the other circus people what his father had said.

But the next day Red returned. He never told anyone where he had been, but he had his floppy red wig with him, so he must have gone a long way to find it. Everyone was glad to see him except Scuff, because now he would have to go back to being a little boy again instead of being a baggy pants clown.

"I guess I'm just too young to be a clown," the sad boy thought, "but one of these days I'll grow up, and then I'll really, really be a clown, and not just a one-time clown, but an always clown. And I'll always wear my baggy pants and my funny hat, but I won't have a floppy red wig 'cause it might get lost!"

The circus is still small, and Gruff is still a rather old lion. And Red still loses his red wig and sends Scuff to find it. And there are always new adventures for a boy at the circus, especially one who is waiting to grow up to be a clown.

In the summertime I look after Ingrid's garden. Her family says they like to have their place kept nice, but Ingrid is the one who waits with me for the new plants and wonders what color the buds will be and collects flowers from the cutting bed for a blue china vase in her room.

Sometimes she spends the mornings with me. First we trim the climbing roses and check the beds for weeds and beetles. On Saturdays we straighten the borders and clip stray grasses. During the week we thin out the pansy bed or the peonies. Ingrid always carries a small red purse full of crumbs for Alexander, who is a robin and who usually goes around the garden with us.

Several days ago I was working in the peony bed, thinning out the small blooms and the falling blooms. They lay in great heaps on the lawn and looked sorrowful, as if they were in disgrace. Ingrid skipped down to the garden and sat on the grass beside me. She saw the discarded flowers, gently patted their silky heads and looked at me sideways.

"Do you have a story to tell me today?"

Patiently she waited for me to decide and begin.

"Well," Ingrid said finally, "any old one will do. Tell me about when you were a sailor."

We moved up the peony row a little and got settled. Alexander followed, watching Ingrid with a round bright eye. Then abruptly he flew away as she jumped up and called across the yard to a little boy who had come whistling out of the house next door. He wandered over his spacious empty lawn and opened the gate into our garden.

"Will you play with me?" Ingrid asked him.

He shrugged elaborately then said all right.

"Do I have to go in and ask Nana?" But Ingrid was off toward the house before I had answered, because she is used to seeking permission for the smallest venture. A moment later she was running toward us again, carrying cookies in each hand.

"Nana says you may have lunch with me, too. And I brought this because I want to play bride and groom." Over her arm was draped a long piece of lace curtain.

"Oh gosh," said David, the little boy. "O.K. Come on."

Ingrid handed him the cookies and curtain, and stooped over a heap of discarded peonies. She gathered them up and asked me:

"Could I have these for my bouquet?"

With the lace curtain draped carefully as a veil, and the falling peonies in her arms, Ingrid walked slowly through the gate into David's yard, humming the Wedding March as she went. Her groom stood on the far end of his lawn. Alexander and I were watching the wedding when Ingrid put down her bouquet and walked past David to the wooden fence which separates his yard from a gravelly empty lot beyond it. Hollyhocks have been planted on the outside of the fence to hide the ugly place and a row of old brown houses which stand by the lot. In between them several children were crouching, watching Ingrid and David.

"Who are they?" she asked him.

"Don't you know them? They live over there." He ran to the fence, pointing at the old brown houses.

"And see that girl in the middle?" A misshapen short girl looked between the hollyhocks. Younger children stood on either side of her holding her hands and staring back at Ingrid. "That girl," continued David, "is named Dolores and she is very old, but something is wrong with her and she never grew up."

Dolores sniffled and smiled. Ingrid saw that she had no teeth.

"They're mean kids," said David. To them he said, "Hey, what're you looking at?"

One little boy pointed at him. "You're a sissy."

Dolores laughed.

"Am not," said David calmly.

"Then why are you playing with her." The children from the old brown houses turned their eyes to Ingrid again. Dolores lifted a fingerless withered hand toward her. Ingrid looked back at them silently.

"Hey, David," they shouted.

"You're a sissy if you don't come play with us."

David glanced quickly at Alexander and me, then at the bouquet of peonies lying on the grass, then at Ingrid. He took part of a cookie out of his pocket and handed it to her.

"Here." In a moment he was over the fence, past the hollyhocks.

Ingrid stood watching as he and the children went across the lot, kicking the gravel. Then she went back for her bouquet.

"I thought of a good new story," I said as she walked past me. "About when I was a sailor, but one you haven't heard before."

"Oh," she said carelessly, "I guess I'll go put some of these flowers in my blue china vase."

I watched her go into the house, past the pansies, with the bouquet in her arms and the lace curtain draped over her head.

THE AGED SQUIRREL

Patricia Barrack '62

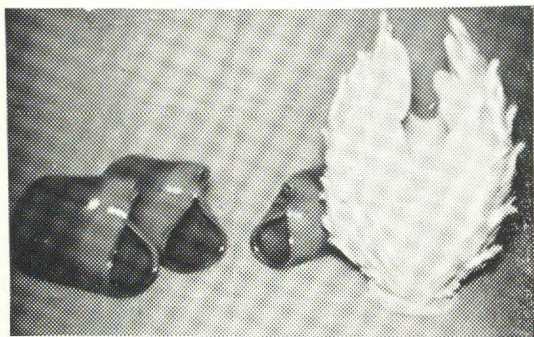
It was snowing in autumn
and the colored flakes
drifted

down
and covered the ground.

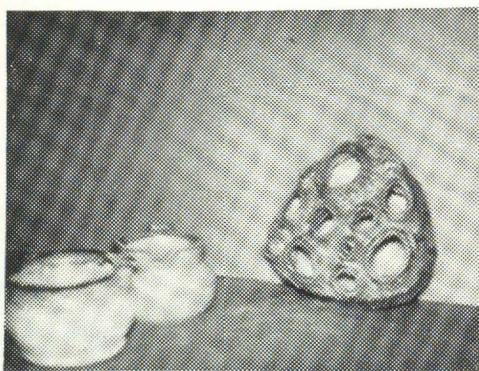
I played
on the crackling soft stage
of multicolored leaves
and went to sleep.

On Pots and Shakespeare

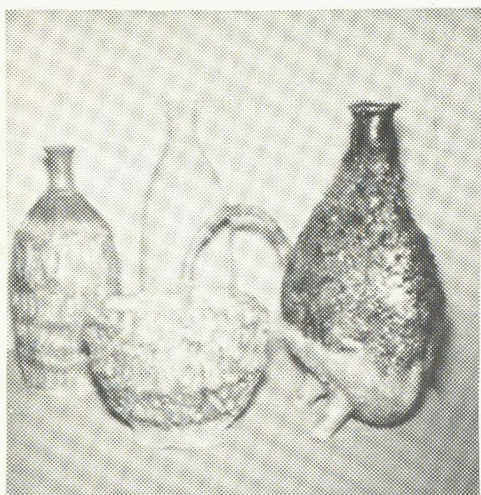
It has often been noted that the mediums of artistic expression overlap and are inseparable. An example of this is the resemblance of these pots, from the pottery classes of Miss Orloff, to famous scenes in Shakespeare.



"Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her."
(Morocco, *The Merchant of Venice*, IIvii)



"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew
him, Horatio; a fellow of in-
finite jest, of most excellent
fancy."
(Hamlet, *Hamlet*, Vi)



"When will we three meet
again

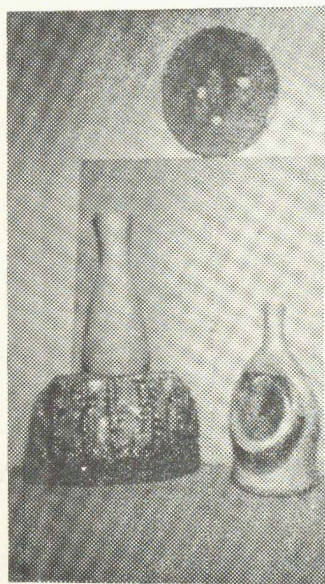
In thunder, lightning, or in
rain?"

(First Witch, *Macbeth*, Ii)

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and die."

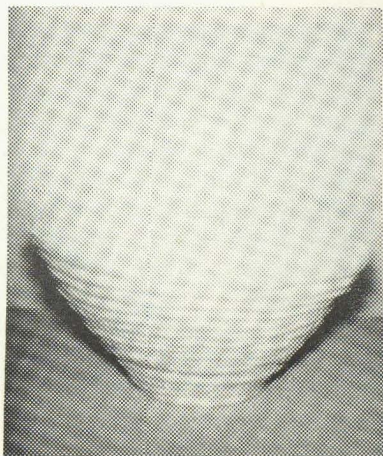
(Morocco, *The Merchant of Venice*, IIvii)



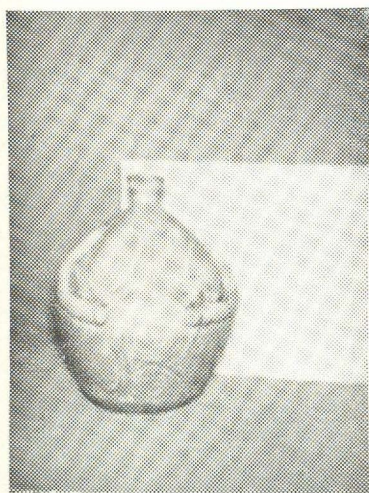
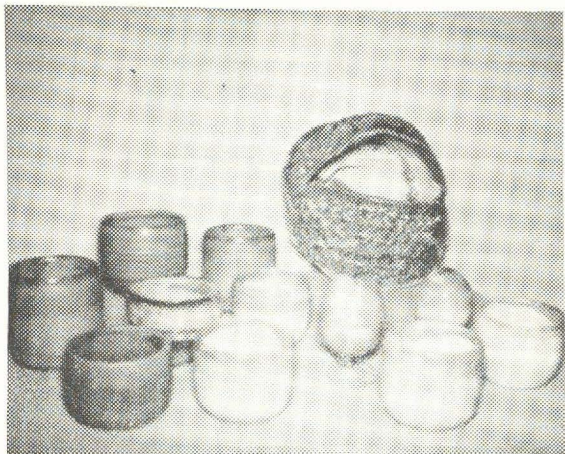
"Away, good Ned. Falstaff
sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he
walks along."

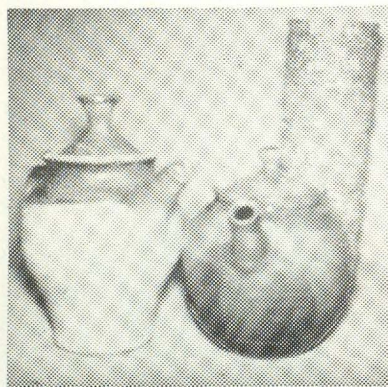
(Prince, *Henry the Fourth*,
Part One, IIi)



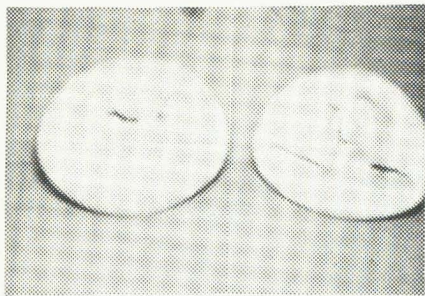
"Friends, Romans, country-
men, lend me your ears!"
Marcus Antonius,
Julius Caesar, IIIii)



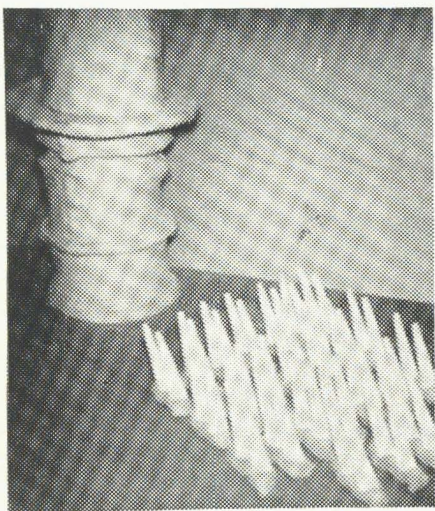
"The thane of Fife had a wife;
where is she now? — What,
will these hands ne'er be clean?"
(Lady Macbeth, *Macbeth*, Vii)



"Yon Cassius has a lean and
hungry look,
He thinks too much; such men
are dangerous."
(Caesar, *Julius Caesar*, Iii)

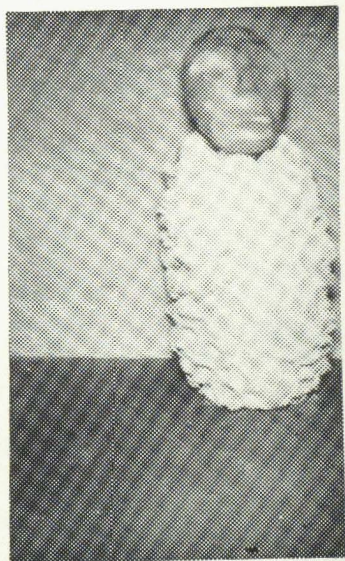


"You lie, in faith; for you are
call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and some-
times Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate
In Christendom."
(Petruchio, *The Taming of the
Shrew*, Ili)



"Go therefore, tell thy master
here I am;
My ransom is this frail and
worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly
guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we
will come on."
(King Henry, *Henry the Fifth*,
IIIvi)

"I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain time to
walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to
fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in
my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away."
(Ghost, *Hamlet*, Iiv)



Fables by Esoph

The Rabbit and the Wolf

Late one frosty November evening, a Rabbit was running like Sixty along the road from the forest's community center to his home. Having forgotten his Miltown that evening, he was in a very jittery state. Suddenly, as he banked on a sharp turn, he heard the voice of one of the community Wolves, speaking from a thicket.

"Stop and talk awhile, Brother Ears," said the Wolf. "We haven't had a good klatch in ages."

Now everyone knows that a Wolf's favorite sport in the forest is to try to lure a Rabbit off the main road, since the road is government-controlled and an animal of prey is liable to federal procedure if he commits murder on it. The Forest itself, however, is fair ground.

The Rabbit was too polite to mention this technicality, though; he scarcely slackened his pace as he replied:

"Hell no, Brother Incisors. Every patriot knows that sedition begins in the thicket. We can always talk on the main road when we have anything to discuss—thereby not appearing subversive."

He ran on, feeling rather elated by his diplomacy and two scotch-and-waters. In the course of his travel, he passed two other grinning heads at short intervals, answering both their entreaties with the same clever remark.

He was almost home when he passed another wolf, Bard by name. Ears and Bard were very good friends to be Rabbit and Wolf, often stopping to chat along the road; and Bard had never so much as bared a tooth at Ears. Not that he'd had a good chance.

Bard was lying in a thicket reading, and as Ears automatically slowed for the formalities, he glanced up absently.

Here the Rabbit maketh his way home.

The Rabbit is forthwith threatened with danger

By goodly speeches the Rabbit doth circumvent danger.

By goodly speeches the Rabbit doth circumvent danger a second time.

By goodly speeches the Rabbit doth circumvent danger a third time.

The Rabbit draweth near to a fourth danger.

"Buenos Noches, Ears." He returned to his book.

Ears screeched to a stop and surveyed him cautiously. "What are you reading, Bard?"

"Eliot." This time he did not look up.

"Oh. Bard? I um."

Bard looked up impatiently. "What is it?"

"You know, Bard . . . you're not like other wolves, are you?"

"Please don't remind me of that. I should have been—and wish to God I were—a man."

"Oh. Eliot, you said?"

"Yes—you wouldn't like it."

Ears edged closer. "I might."

"You wouldn't. It's symbolic and in six languages."

Ears edged closer still. "Could I look?"

"Help yourself."

The Rabbit peered at the selection Bard had been reading, squinting his eyes in the unaccustomed darkness of the thicket. "The Hol----low----."

Here he was interrupted, for he was being used to fill the ventral cavity of a very hollow Wolf.

Moral: If you're drawn to Thomas Stearns,
Measure your casket; count
the ferns.

Here the Rabbit lowered his goodly guard.

Curiosity doth draw the Rabbit into the Thicket.

Here the Rabbit is straightway ingested.



The Butterfly and the Chipmunk

The Chipmunk was taking his mid-morning nut-gathering Break, during which he always drank Bouillon and read the Classics. Bouillon was good because you didn't have to watch what you were doing. Much to his annoyance, as he was plodding through a very heavy old Volume of *The Odyssey* and any Interruption made him forget the character's Names and family Trees, the Butterfly kept flitting across his Page.

"Damn! Don't you have Anything Important to do?"

"I'm doing it," twinkled the Butterfly. "Annoying the Industrious. You really should be wiped out, you know—you Scholars."

"Funny, I was thinking *you* should be. What do you want?"

"What's this dusty old Tome about?" As if to prove his point the Butterfly stirred up a great Cloud of Dust.

"A Man who goes to War and has a Hard Time getting back."

"Oh-h-h." The Butterfly flipped his Antennae knowingly. "Fighting for a noble Cause?"

"A Woman."

"How beautiful! How romantic!" Was he her Lover?"

Here the Chipmunk turned a page with great Difficulty. "No. She was the Sister-in-law of a Friend."

"How stiff! . . . Was he her Lover anyway?"

"I don't think so."

"How dreadfully dull! Modern Fiction would have brought them together. Wasn't he at all Attracted to her?"

"Look," replied the Chipmunk with some irritation, "Why don't you read the Book if you're so curious?"

"Don't need to." The Butterfly executed a stirring Slalom through some nearby Hollyhocks. "I can intuit."

"Oh, come off it!" The Chipmunk ground out his Viceroy with Venom.

"It's true. I can just hold my Wings on the Page like this—" The But-

Here the Chipmunk doth pursue Knowledge.

Here the Chipmunk is bored by the Play of a Butterfly.

The Butterfly and the Chipmunk do engage in conversation.

The Butterfly doth here pose a series of question, thereby making the independent Chipmunk to feel like an English Major.

Here the Chipmunk doth grow annoyed.

terfly settled on a moving Passage about Penelope's Domestic Arts. "— And feel the Emotion and Poetry of the Book."

"Then why do you have to ask so many Questions?"

"Oh, for the Details. I'm an Artist, for Lord's Sake. An Artist can't be bothered with Details."

"Are you completely self-sufficient? Don't you ever read anything for Inspiration?"

"Good heavens, no! We have Salons on Friday evenings for that."

"Salons, you mean."

"That's what I said, you silly Chipmunk."

"No, you didn't. You pronounced it wrong. If you're going to say it the French Way, you can't expect to Drop the End and blow through your nose and have it come out right."

"No matter about the Technicalities. I have a tremendous Feeling for the French Culture." The Butterfly sunned itself on the Chipmunk's Head briefly. "A Poet can't be bothered with this eternal Plodding, such as you do. Good heavens! The only thing you'll be fit to be is a Critic!" And the Butterfly laughed heartily.

The Chipmunk had a Hard Time coming up with an Idea, but he finally came up with an Idea. "Show me how you intuit again, Butterfly. Maybe I'll try it."

"This is the Way one does it," the Butterfly replied, settling obediently onto the Penelope Passage. "But I really don't think you'll be able to do it. One just has to be born with this Poetic Intuition, or it's no vdhcnxmalwidh. . . ."

For the Chipmunk had with great Effort slammed the Volume of Homer upon the Butterfly, thereby stilling the Clamors of the Intuitive Poet.

Moral: Good relations should exist between the scholar and the poet. A word of warning though: the scholar often doesn't know it.

Here the Butterfly doth mispronounce grievously.

Here the Chipmunk doth receive an Idea from inner Sources.

The Butterfly is straightway crushed in Homer.

Alice Schneider '61

Who made this house of shells and soft white sand
 Beside the dunes? All windowless and pale
 It tints the light within and keeps the land
 Outside a single shadow-line. This frail
 And simple house before the sea was made
 On mornings. Carelessly the wakened lights
 Have touched the shore and dreamed of gentle shade
 From time in tones of pale and shell and white,
 And drawn their dreams of life in drifted sand.
 Who built this house transparent, pale and fine,
 That shelters wakened light and makes the land
 Outside no more than single shadow-lines?
 Who made the walls all windowless and blind
 That gently mask the light within from time?

JAPANESE HAIKU

Sally Bleick '63

Haiku is a tiny verse-form of Japanese origin which was popularized in the 17th century by the Japanese poet Basho. It is an off-spring of the five line Japanese form known as Tanka. Haiku is three short lines consisting of seventeen syllables distributed five to the first line, seven to the second line, and five to the third line. When they are written in Japanese, alliteration and internal rhyme play a part in the construction, but when the form is used in English this effect is difficult to achieve, as English does not tend to be as polysyllabic as Japanese. Also in the Japanese language the syllables always end with one of the five vowel sounds.

The intent of the poet in Haiku is usually to present a picture in nature which has had an emotional impact on him or to make a philosophic statement. The fascination of Haiku lies in the fact that the poet presents in three short lines just enough of a picture to suggest the totality of what he is trying to represent, leaving the reader to widen the picture by enriching it from his own background. In this way the reader is permitted to achieve his own emotional experience by constructing the picture in relation to himself.

I

*Winter's grey-blent limbs
Clutching the sun reddened dawn
Tear sleep from my eyes.*

II

*In my sea garden
The spume crest'd rows are sprouting
Fish-bobbing bird tails.*

III

*Lone the sea-gull walks
Indifferent to moon waves
Lapping his footprints.*

IV

*Wind's icy fingers
Draw ridges and ripples in
This desert of snow.*

V

*The wind's soft tickling
Causes nodding flowers to laugh
Dew pearls at my feet.*

VI

*Sparkling snow gems
Bending lofty evergreens
Meet these un-awed heads.*

VII

*"Sustenance" he cried
"Faith" the pierced hand replies
Empty he'll search on.*

VIII

*Spray decked rocks and sand
Receive the wines of sunset
Bringing peace of night.*

IX

*Curling wave-hands hurl
Rough and wat'ry palms to cleanse
Unshod sand-walked feet.*



TOWARD A NEW PHILOSOPHY

Sue Olinger '61

On January 20, President John Fitzgerald Kennedy set up a new tone for the nation in an inspiring, forward-looking inaugural address, a milestone in the political evolution of our nation. But the challenges set forth in his address are equally prominent in every phase of the life of the peoples of the world. "Life" because the individual in 1961 can not deny the inevitability of far-reaching social consequences of his so-called independent actions; "life" because it is the life of society itself, no longer the survival of separate entities, that is the issue at stake.

We who are students today have been subjected to a cumulative insecurity; we are the product of an atomic age; many of us are the offspring of a desperate war-time grasp at an elusive moment of happiness—we have ample excuses to use in the rationalization of a passive and pessimistic attitude. We are the heirs of the Roaring Twenties, the Flappers, the Age of Disillusionment, the Straw Men, the Great Depression, and the Second Great War—four decades of a desperate world set on its head, searching for an escape or at least a pardon. We are the perpetrators of Rock-and-Roll and Beatnikism and the scramble for security even at the risk of losing our separate identities.

And so, we have our Jeremiahs. Our elders deplore the state of "the younger generation," and they are horrified to think of the future under the direction of the irresponsible—as elders have always done. But perhaps there is a difference this time; perhaps we are too ready to agree with our critics. We have refused to take up the gauntlet, because we feel that we are the generation chosen to bear the burdens of the guilt of living of our predecessors. We are playing the role of martyrs, crucified upon a complex cross constructed over years of mistakes in human relations; and because we feel that these mistakes are irretrievable, that we have reached the point at which we can only muddle on, we have resigned ourselves to the inevitable and find ourselves engaged in grasping for whatever diversion can yet be had before the day of Armageddon. We are shackled in our own self-martyrdom.

We are entering upon a decade. The next ten years may well decide the conflict of ideologies; it may also decide the fate of the individual intellect, and whether the Jeremiahs are to be justified. We must choose our way. That we are a doomed generation is patently untrue; that we have excuse for our passivity, our near-acceptance of a nihilist way of thinking, is no more than rationalization; that we can shape our destiny is a truth sufficient to draw us who so will out of the stagnation we have suffered.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy was speaking of political and social harmony when he said that we might not see the achievement of our goals in even our own lifetime, but he said "Let us begin." "Let us begin," too, to rebuild something more than existence on a personal level. Let us take up the challenge and recognize our own potential for becoming responsible, first, to ourselves and, then to society. Let us begin to renounce our easy desperation and our dependence on the other fellow to do what must be done. "Ask not what your country will do for you—ask what you can do for your country." The world doesn't owe us a living because we happened to be born in an era of crisis; we owe the world our respect for its achievements and our dedication to the furthering of the progress it has made in spite of its mistakes. We do not deserve to receive; we are obligated to give.

We can begin to give now; we can give ourselves to the pursuit of, yes, excellence; we can recover our faith in ourselves, we can use the opportunities we are given, we can study the knowledge accumulated from past experiences, we can participate in group and personal programs of self-improvement; we can develop an awareness of our state separately and collectively. It is not hopeless; we will not build only to see ourselves destroyed by forces outside our control, because through strong-willed efforts we can bring those forces under our own direction. We are not destined to annihilation by an impersonal accident, because we can restore the personal to every phase of individual and community and universal existence. "The faith which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world."

Life still has its savor and its purpose. We are not puppets; we still have our free will and our bodies and our souls. Whether we will keep them is left to our discretion. We have no universal excuse for cowardice. We face a greater challenge than has ever before been presented to mankind; the challenge in world affairs is secondary to and dependent upon the challenge to the preservation of self-identity. But the challenge is not a burden, it is an opportunity, the greatest opportunity Man has ever known, a God-given chance to show our measure and our worthiness in caring for the prior gift of our being. In the search for peace, in the attainment of justice, in the striving for social harmony, but, above all, in the challenge to self-realization, let each of us adopt for his own in perpetuity the motto, "I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it."

Amen

Timmi Pierce '62

He flicked his phalanges dos and snaked around him-scorn-at the algeous mass. He was a revolutionary revelation to the waiting-to-be-filled waste baskets some titled craniums. He sun-burned in his own solar rays and twisted his toes twice and immediately his genii manifested. Call my muse he telepathed. Presented the muse, stilled the homely homo-sapiens, spoke the master.

"Ann Boleyn had six fingers on one hand and King Henry ate the extra for breakfast, then cut off her head, which he did not eat, and slept with her body and got much more response out of it dead than alive. But the body got wanting for the head more than its stimulator and left the chambers and found the missing member in the garbage. When it came back, King Henry was vanished so now it meanders around the Tower looking for its sex giver. The moral is: One is never contented with what one has but is always dissatisfied and desiring more which it never gets and peace of mind is foreign to the existing human race. Amen." Amen, collaborated the protozoan parasites. "Think about it," shouted the master and reiterated to his velvet bottomed chambers bottled and corked with revulsion for the never-wondering people, for he was the Messiah to the spongy regressing-to-the-sea race, what of it coexisted on the shrapnelled, atomsmashed atoll.

The bacteria of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Americas cohabitated under the singular virile petri glass, desireously subjected and this nauseated the deity every time between sun wake and moon rise the bactereous, algeous, parasite people would aggregate to consume his waste-words for the day. And the master grew iller and iller at every collaboration.

Until consumately on Good Friday of 2154 he spake in demented demolition.

"Today you must all walk into the placid Pacific and keep walking until you are filled with such peace and sea water as makes you sleepy and then the earth will be cleansed of all sins," and he flapped down his eyelids so that he might not participate sightfully in the ebbing exodus.

One upon two upon three upon four continents bent and slithered and bounced and crawled and walked into the saturation and erupted one last glub of glorified goal achievement.

But the then master was solitary in his depopulated desert and he thought, rueing his graveous clumsiness, "I should better have taken Christ's way out."



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